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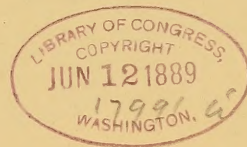




# HAUNTS OF BRYANT.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
LOUIS K. HARLOW.

33



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The Bryant House  
Cummington Mass.

I look on the peaceful dwellings  
Whose windows glimmer in sight,  
With croft and garden and orchard  
That bask in the mellow light.







Each where his tasks or pleasures call,  
They pass, and heed each other not.  
There is who heeds and holds them all  
In His large love and boundless thought.

Approach  
to the Homestead.  
Cummington Mass.

W.C. BRYANT.





Trees Roslyn L.I.

The leaves are swept from the branches;  
But the living buds are there,  
With folded flower and foliage,  
To sprout in a kinder air.







Bit  
at Cedarhurst  
Reslyn, LI.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
The hour of death draw near to me,  
Hope, blossoming within my heart.  
May look to heaven as I depart.

W.C. BRYANT.





Glimpse of  
Long Island Sound  
From Roslyn L.I.

Thou dost look on thy creation  
and pronounce it good.  
Its valleys, glorious with their Summer green,  
Praise thee in silent beauty; and its woods  
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join  
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.







The Brook.  
Cumington.

This little rill that from the springs  
Of yonder grove its current brings,  
Plays on the slope awhile, and then  
Goes prattling into groves again.

W.C. BRYANT.





Bridge  
Cedarmere.

The melancholy days  
are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,  
and meadows brown and sear.







©My heart is awed  
within me  
when I think  
Of the great miracle  
that still goes on,  
In silence, round me,—  
the perpetual work  
of thy creation,  
finished, yet renewed forever.

W.C. BRYANT.











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